as they conceived it to be, in a single sentence: "It is the rich mants war and the poor man's fight." This was so true that the poor whites of the South could hardly be expected to be sentimentally loyal to the " Southern cause/' Many of them saw, therefore, nothing dishonorable or criminal in desertion or voluntary surrender, and resorted to it without any qualm of conscience when they got tired of sacrificing themselves for the benefit of interests which they did not understand.

But while they did move in the ranks, they proved in many respects excellent soldiers. They suffered hunger and all sorts of privations with heroic endurance. They executed marches of almost incredible length and difficulty, and bore all kinds of fatigue without much complaint. And they were good, steady fighters, too, and many of them good marksmen, having been " handy " with the rifle or shotgun from their childhood up. Those who had surrendered to us and "took the oath" we put to work in improving the roads and similar tasks and found them to be, if not very good, at least tolerably useful laborers.

At last General Grant was ready to strike. Bragg had foolishly detached Longstreet's corps to overwhelm Burnside at Knoxville, and thus had dangerously weakened himself. Sherman had arrived with several divisions of his army, and on November 22nd the Eleventh Corps received orders to leave Lookout Valley and to march to Chattanooga,

where we joined .the Army of the Cumberland. I shall not attempt a description of the battle of Missionary Ridge, with all its dramatic and picturesque incidents, but confine myself to my own personal experiences, one of which is of some psychological interest. When after a quiet sleep I woke up about daybreak on November 23rd, my first thought was that on that day I would be killed. It was as if a voice within me told